January 20th, 1802.

I made the most of my time, whilst in Madeira, walking about and examining. I had not time to get up beyond the cultivated country, where Nature displays more curiosities than she does below. I principally should have wished to see the variety of plants she produces spontaneously on those mountains, in a more southern latitude than Spain. As the island is volcanic, I was not surprised at finding a forest of chesnut trees above the vineyards, as that wood rejoices in a fiery soil.

The houses are whitened with lime brought from Porto Santo or Canary, and picturesquely scattered among the gardens, which makes the views resemble the slopes of Posilipo and Ischia; only the roofs are tiled, and not flat—the tiles are dark brown.

Mr. Murdoch, at whose house we were entertained, is a man of great information, and had visits from the Portuguese governor and bishop. The people of Madeira are ugly; most of them of that kind of Portuguese feature that consists of a broad face, snub nose and wide

mouth, with good eyes and stout persons, like our friend Susa.[1]

1 The late Count Funchal.